

# Father PETER'S

## Farewell-Sermon.

Published by the P O P E's Special Command.

First Epistle of the P O P E to the J E S U I T S, Chap. 84. Ver. 88.

*Sweet Meat must have some Sauce.*

**M**Y Text is short, but it is very agreeable to my time; and I could easily dispence with the Shortness of it, if the former Sweetness of our days were somewhat longer.

The Times I see vary, as the Planets do in their ordinary Motions; and there is a time for all things, a time to Win, and a time to Lose; a time to Speak, and a time to be Silent; a time to contrive and act mischief, and a time to be called to an Account for those Transactions; and lastly, a time of Sweetness, and a time of Sourness, which brings me to the Words of my Text,

*Sweet Meat must have some Sauce.*

My Text is Compounded of two Ingredients, *Sweetness* and *Sourness*; and therefore I shall divide it into Two Parts.

In my First Part, which I shall insist upon, is *Sweet Meat*; and in my Second Part, the *Sour Sauce*.

**S**weetness indeed is a great Cordial for dejected Spirits; but Superfluity of it many times proves Nauseous; I can speak by Experience, and I hope none that hears me can plead Ignorance, but that we have all freely Enjoyed that Sweetness in a great measure, which I may modestly say we have no ways deserved; we have been too fiery and over-zealous in many Points, and have turn'd that into a Corrosive, which should have been an healing Medicine.

Ben Jonson, that Famous Poet of his time, has in his Play of *Cataline's Conspiracy*, Act the First, Scene the Second, this Speech, which he orders *Cataline* to break forth in:

*It is decreed, nor shall thy Fate O Rome resist my Vow, though Hills were set on Hills, and Seas met Seas to guard thee, I would through. I plough up Rocks steep as the Alps in staff, and lave the Tyrrhene Waters into Clouds, but I would dash thy Head, thy Head, proud City. The Ills that I have done cannot be safe, but by attempting greater; and I feel a spirit within me that chides my sluggish hands, and says they have been innocent too long, &c.*

Now I have strove as much as in me lay, to be as Inveterate against the Church of England, as ever he and his Faction was against Rome, and have some of my own proud thoughts by me in Manuscript, amongst my loose Papers, which I did design, had the Times been sweeter, to have had my old Friend H. H. (if he had not boiled the Pease he wore in his Shoes) to have printed them: I shall only give you a little Relish of them.

*It is decreed, nor shall thy Fate, O England's Church, resist my Vow: Though Churches numerous are, and Parishes increase with Hereticks, my Malice shall not cease. I'll plough with Mischief's Heifer, and will contrive to force the Test and Penal Laws, that I may reach thy Head, thy Head, Stiff Church. Then entering into a damnable Contemplation with my self, I proceeded.*



The *horrid* *St* I have committed cannot be safe, but by attempting greater; the Seven great  
pillars of the Church must down, and near unto the Lych's Den they must be hurried: For I feel  
a devilish Spirit within me that chides my sluggish hands, and says, they have been in action too long,  
&c.

But now I find my dear Auditors, I went not a little, like the Cöbler, be-  
yond my Last, but agreeable to the Stratagem was like the Devil's bait,  
*sweet* at the Beginning, yet it proved crabbed and knotty in the End; but,  
howsoever, many times the proof of the Pudding is in the Eating, which  
brings me now to the words of my Text, *Sweet Meat must have some Sawce*;  
and so I shall conclude my First Part.

Now for the Second Part of my Discourse, and the latter part of my Text,  
which is, namely, *some Sawce*.

*Sowre* indeed are the Times, and like, for ought I see, to be *sowrer*, espe-  
cially for those of our Superstitious Church, as the ungodly Hereticks of  
the Church of England nominates us. Black Clouds are gathered together,  
and our Sun is set here on this side the Water. Sharp is the Wind, and cold  
is the Air on this side *Purgatory*. But this is our comfort still, that the Re-  
gions are warm of our Father, *Lucifer*, where I make no question but some of  
us that have merited may descend, after we have undergone the Persecution  
of hanging Geometrically in a Perpendicular Line, by ascending the Ladder  
*Passant*, the better to come at the Rope *Pendant*: For *Sweet Meat must have  
some Sawce*.

*Sowre* and Sharp things many times are very necessary in several Diseases,  
and several Causes, and are used as proper Remedies, as for example, *Vine-  
gar* will stanch Bleeding, Salt and Soape takes away a Burning or Scald, *Le-  
mond* fetches spots of Ink out of Linnen, and *Orenges* Physicians do prescribe  
is extraordinary good for the *Scurvy*; and Hang a Dog upon a *Crab-Tree* and  
he will never love *Verjuice* afterwards; So that we may plainly see by De-  
monstration, that *Sharp* and *Sowre* things are very good remedies, if proper-  
ly applied.

Now *Orenges* indeed is as proper a Sawce as we can have to our *sweet Meat*,  
for indeed, if I mistake not I think I am my self of an *Essex* Breed, which is a  
very plentiful Country for *Calves*, and we all know, that the properest Sawce  
for *Veal* is *Orenges*; but they are not at all agreeable to our Palates, especial-  
ly your *Bermudas* *Orenges*, for they are very large, and have a Sound too  
much of the *Belgick* *Lyon* in them. And now the *Belgick* *Lyon* begins to  
Roar, which is a very great Prognostication of foul weather, and the *Roman*  
*Eagle* lets fall her Wings, now she is hindred of her Prey, therefore let us be-  
take our selves to our heels, and add wings to our Spirits, that we may be  
ready to fly away from this Heretical crew of *sowre* Obstacles. He that will  
deceive a *Fox* must rise betimes, and *Foxes* when they are a sleep have no-  
thing fall into their mouths; but let us make the best use of those *sowre*  
times as we can, and all patiently content our selves with that wholesome  
saying of the *Fox*, *When we cannot reach the Grapes, we must say they are not ripe*.

And now, for a Word or two of Application; Let us be *sweet* outwardly, but *sowre* in-  
wardly: Let the old Leven of Malice still and for ever remain in us, that at last we may  
bring it forth in the whole Lump; Let us despise their Heretical Persecutions, and if we  
are once catch'd, die as innocently as our Predecessors have seemingly done before us,  
without knowing any thing at all of the matter of which we are accused; but denying  
all things, for the great meritorious Works sake: But lastly, let us all desire, since *Orenges*  
are the properest Sawce for our scurvy Distemper, that we may expire our last Breath upon  
that Tree on which they grow, and not on that old *Paddington* Tree at *Hide-park* Corner.

FINIS.